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NEW TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT PARIS.

(*L'Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile.*)

THE city of Paris, rich as it is in monuments of classic architecture, presents none more attractive than its triumphal arches. That which we are about to describe is the most stupendous of these imposing structures; and was opened about four months since, on the first of "the Three Days" Celebration of the Revolution of 1830. It stands in a spacious, circular area, without the barrier de l'Étoile, on the height which terminates the avenue of Neuilly, at the western extremity of Paris; and it presents a striking boundary

of the view from the gardens of the Tuileries, and the Champs d'Élysées. This arch has been thirty years in the course of erection, under the superintendence of nine architects; and during the reigns of four sovereigns: it has, at length, been completed at a cost of nearly ten millions of francs (416,666*l.*); which sum has been raised in nearly equal proportions under the Empire, the Restoration, and since the commencement of the reign of Louis Philippe.

The arch was begun in 1806, to commemorate

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morate Napoleon's triumph over Russia, and his alliance with the Emperor Alexander at Tilvit: the designs were by Chalgrin, and the first stone was laid on the 15th of August, being Napoleon's birthday. The building was continued in 1810, to commemorate, first, Napoleon's conquest of Austria, and then his Alliance with the Austrian Imperial House. The difficulty in obtaining a solid foundation for the immense weight of this monument retarded its progress, and incurred great expense. It had scarcely risen above the ground, when, on April 1, 1810, Maria Louisa, daughter of the Emperor of Austria, whose marriage with Napoleon had been celebrated by proxy on the 7th of February preceding, made her public entry into Paris. To do her honour, and convey a high idea of the magnificence of the French capital, an immense frame was constructed and covered with painted canvass, to represent the arch in its full dimensions and complete splendour. In 1814, the works were discontinued, and the scaffolding removed; but, in 1823, upon the final success of the French army in Spain, under his royal highness the Duke of Angoulême, the King issued an ordinance dated October 10, for their immediate termination. Preparations to execute this decree commenced three days after, and were continued, though with interruptions, until the ascent of Louis Philippe, who determined on the completion of this national monument.

In its colossal proportions, this noble work considerably exceeds the arches of ancient or modern times. That erected in honour of the Emperor Constantine at Rome, was but 68 feet high. The Porte St. Denis, at Paris, hitherto the most remarkable of modern arches, is but 77 feet in breadth, and 77 feet in height; whereas the proportions of the *Arc de l'Étoile* are nearly double those of Constantine's Arch, or the Porte St. Denis, and are as follow: height, 152 feet; breadth, 137 feet; and thickness, 68 feet. The façade is pierced by one arch of 90 feet by 45 feet; and the arch which pierces it transversely is 57 feet by 25 feet.

The arch is elaborately decorated, externally and internally; and a description of its sculptured groups and tableaux would occupy several pages. They are minutely enumerated in a *Notice Historique*, published in Paris.

The two principal fronts face the Tuileries, and the bridge of Neuilly: the side to the right, in coming from Paris, faces Clichy; the other, to the left, faces Passy and Chaillot.

Each of the principal fronts is embellished with two groups of sculpture, each of which, with its supporting pedestal, is 36 feet in height.

The first group, upon the right of the Paris front, represents the Departure for

the Armies in 1792, when revolution spread its horrors throughout France, and the country was menaced on every frontier. The Genius of War points with his sword to the spot where the enemy is to be met and vanquished:

Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons;
Marchons, marchons.

In the middle of the group, a commander waves his helmet, and invites the citizens to follow him: he is joined by a young man on one side, and on the other by a man advanced in years, who has drawn his sword, and thrown aside his mantle for the march; while behind him is an aged man, who can no longer fight for his country, but is giving advice to the commander, who is too far off to hear the hoary sage. To the left, a seated warrior draws his bow, (surely, an anachronism?) and behind him is a mailed warrior sounding a trumpet; at the back of this last figure is a mounted cavalier reining his steed: above the whole group waves the national flag.

The group to the left, on the same front, represents the Triumph of the French Army, in 1810; the most glorious era of the empire, and the zenith of Napoleon's glory: Victory crowns the Emperor; Fame is proclaiming his proud deeds, whilst History records them. A group of citizens of conquered cities approach in homage to the Emperor; on a palm-tree are hung trophied arms taken from the enemy; and, to complete the group, (so closely are glory and misery allied,) is a prisoner in chains.

The group to the right, on the Neuilly front, represents the Resistance made to the Allied Armies in 1814. A young soldier defends his invaded country: on one side, his wounded father clings to his knees, and on the other side, his wife, with a child which has been killed in her arms, is endeavouring to stop him. Behind, a cavalier mortally wounded, falls from his horse: above the group hovers the Genius of the Future, encouraging the young soldier to resistance.

The left group on the Neuilly side, is emblematic of the Peace of 1815. A warrior is sheathing his sword; on his left, a mother is caressing her infant; while another child, who is reading, leans upon her. To the right is a man bearing a ploughshare, surrounded with corn; behind him is a soldier-labourer, (one of a class taken from the plough to defend their country,) who, having returned from the wars, is yoking an ox to the plough: above is Minerva crowned with laurel.

These four groups are designated: *Le Départ* (1792); *Le Triomphe* (1810); *La Résistance* (1814); *La Paix* (1815.)

Above each of these groups, is a bas-relief, and one on each side of the arch. The

bas-relief over the first group represents the funeral of General Marceau, who was killed at Hochsteinhall, on the 19th of September, 1796. He was wounded so severely as not to be carried from the field of battle, and falling into the hands of the enemy, (the Austrians,) the Archduke Charles paid him every attention which humanity could suggest: he expired immediately after the battle, and his remains were followed to the grave by the opposed armies of Austria and France. This is, perhaps, one of the most affecting incidents in the annals of modern warfare.

The second bas-relief represents the Battle of Aboukir, July 24, 1799. Murat is presenting to Napoleon, the commander-in-chief of the Turkish army, whom he has made prisoner.

The first bas-relief on the Neuilly side, represents the Passage of the Bridge of Arcole in Italy, November 5, 1796; where Napoleon waves a flag in the centre, 'e'en in the cannon's mouth' of the Austrians, and his aid-de-camp falls wounded at his feet.

The second bas-relief on the same side, represents the taking of Alexandria in Egypt, July 2, 1798; in which Kleber and his brave companions are seen on the ramparts.

The bas-relief on the right side of the arch, facing Clichy, represents the Battle of Austerlitz, December 4, 1805; at the moment when the French infantry charged the Russian and Austrian troops, after Napoleon had ordered the ice to be broken with shot, and thousands of the allied troops were drowning. The bas-relief on the other side, facing Passy shows the Battle of Jemappe, November 6, 1792; in which Louis Philippe, then the Duc de Chartres, commanded the centre.

The frieze, which runs completely round the monument, represents, on the façade towards Paris and the half of the lateral faces, the Departure for the Armies; that on the façade towards Neuilly, and the other half of the lateral faces, represents the Return of the Armies, laden with works of art, as the spoils of their conquests. The figures of this frieze are about six feet in height.

The tympan of the small arches, towards the exterior, bear emblematical figures of infantry and cavalry; the tympan towards the interior, represent the artillery and marine.

The attic is decorated with thirty shields, upon which are inscribed as many victories, which are supposed to have most influenced the affairs of France. They are—Valmy, Jemappe, Fleurus, Montenotte, Lodi, Castiglione, Arcole, Rivoli, Pyramids, Aboukir, Almaer, Zurich, Heliopolis, Marengo, Hohenlinden, Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland,

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Somosierra, Easing, Wagram, La Moskwa, Lutzen, Bautzen, Dresden, Hanau, Montmirail, Montebreu, Ligny.

Sufficient space could be found for thirty victories only in the exterior decorations of the Arch; but, as it is dedicated to the French armies, it was thought desirable that it should exhibit not only a list of the victories of France, but also of her greatest generals. To do justice to the many distinguished men of the Revolutionary and Buonapartian era, it has been necessary to cover the interior walls of the arches with inscriptions, which have a singular and striking effect. The names of 96 victories are inscribed on the walls of the great arch, in four divisions, headed North, East, South, and West; each division containing the names of 24 victories, headed by the name of the army that gained them. The walls of the small arches are inscribed with the names of 384 of the most celebrated French generals. On each wall are 96 names, in four columns, also headed North, East, West, and South, signifying which army they served in. Under these are inscribed the names of the armies maintained by France on the various theatres of war.

In the interior of the edifice, over the arches, are several apartments; the entrance to which is by two staircases, constructed in the thickness of the piers. On either side are a square room over the lateral arches, and two large halls, one above the other, and each extending the whole length of the Monument; these are lighted by apertures in the frieze.

The print shows the Taileries front of the Arch. The colossal group of sculpture has not yet been placed upon the summit, as represented: when this has been done, the *Arc de l'Etoile* will have received its crowning glory, and will be the most magnificent monument of our times.

TO A WOOD-NYMPH.

AMID the dim woods thou hast chosen thy throne,
And the haunts of thy footsteps are pathless and lone:

Sole queen of the forest! no rival hast thou
To cloud the bright sunshine which beams from thy brow.

The Spring, with its changes of beauty and gloom,
Shall emerge like a spirit from Winter's dark tomb,
And Summer shall glide like a phantom away,
But leave thee untouched by the hand of decay.

The elves that like fow'rs in thy solitudes dwell,
Respond to the music which flows from thy shell,
And the syph or the satyr have ne'er rear'd a shrine
So deeply adored by its votaries as thine.

Oh! if I might paint thee more fair should'st thou be
Than the star which so silently gazes on thee,
And thy tresses should stream o'er thy brow like the light

Which robes the dim cloud in a vesture of white.

Sweet sister of old! to whom Poesy's lyre,
And Painting's fine art have devoted their fire,—
The darkness of sorrow shall never eclipse
The sunshine which glows on thy beautiful lips.

C. G.

Anecdote Gallery.

THE LAST DAYS OF MADAME DE BERIOT.

(By Mrs. Novello; in the Musical World.)

HAVING been requested by many of my friends to give them the particulars of the six days which I passed by the bedside of the late lamented Madame De Beriot, and thinking that even the most minute circumstances relative to her last hours must be interesting to the public, more especially to musical amateurs, may I request sir, your insertion of the following particulars?

On the appearance of Madame De Beriot, at the rehearsal in St. George's Church, Manchester, on the Monday preceding the festival, every eye was riveted on this charming woman; her smile courted, her nod welcomed, her dress examined and admired by every true lover of genius and goodness; and when she mentioned that she was fatigued and suffering, all was sympathy and condolence. At the first performance on Tuesday, who that had heard her breathe forth those fervent accents of praise in "Holy, holy," or the maternal agitations in "Deh parlate," could imagine the scene which had just occurred in the ante-room, where she had lain nearly fainting for the previous hour! But her energy was too apt to delight in such exertions; the spirit within gloried in surmounting obstacles, and on most occasions, as on the present, proved triumphant.

The whole of Tuesday evening was a sad scene, yet kindness for others shone conspicuous in the midst of bodily suffering—she not only gave Clara some excellent advice upon her appearance in public, (doubly valuable from her acknowledged, superior style of effective costume, both on the stage and in private,) but actually took down and redressed my daughter's hair; and, with her accustomed freedom from envy, kept admiring the long, silky tresses as they passed through her fingers—finishing the friendly operation by inserting a double-headed, silver pin, in the plait, of which she begged her acceptance, kindly adding, "You will not like it the less because I have worn it in *Amina*." The delight experienced by the young aspirant may be imagined, who doted upon her as a woman and an *artiste*. "It is a talisman," she exclaimed, "and I shall sing better from this night." Never had I beheld Mme. De Beriot herself look so lovely, or dressed more tastefully and magnificently; yet she was in such great pain, that when she sang, she was obliged to lean for support on the piano-forte, and her feet were so clay-cold, that I held them for hours in my lap, and chafed them with my hands, to impart some small portion of warmth to them. Braham, Knvett, and Lablache, frequently entered the room, and endeavoured to amuse her;

for excessive gaiety was usual with her in the ante-room.

On Wednesday morning she was full of pain, yet never sang more beautifully. Could it be suspected by those who were listening to her deep, full tones in Pergolesi's "Lord have mercy," that to keep herself from falling, she held by the front of the orchestra?—unless, like me, they had felt that her own agony had breathed forth in the words, "My strength faileth me." But in the beautiful duet of Marcello, "Qual anelante," she was all energy and fire. She had set her mind upon its producing a great effect, and when she arranged with Clara Novello the cadence they were to introduce, she refused to write it down, saying, in her kind tone of encouragement, "You will follow me; I am quite sure of you, and of its being encoored." The effect was, indeed, as if both singers had been inspired; and when requested to repeat it, Malibran exclaimed, "I will sing it fifty times; and as to Clara, she is a good-natured, little thing, and will do any thing you require of her." Just before they began it a second time, her eye caught mine, and she whispered Clara, "How pleased mamma looks!" Could it be believed that this noble creature, whose energies thus overcame the bitterness of pain, was so near death!—that the same evening, she sang her last. My opinion would, perhaps, have had little weight with the medical men; but, as an elderly woman, and the mother of a large family, I should certainly have stated my objection to bleeding; but I had left the theatre before the operation was performed.

On Thursday, she made another effort, and came to the church; but was removed in strong hysterics. As I had promised to pass the ensuing week at Chassellton, in Oxfordshire, I had engaged places to leave Manchester on the 19th, but felt too anxious, to depart without bidding her a personal farewell. I called, therefore, on Saturday morning, at the Moseley Arms, but saw only Joseph, her Italian servant, who told me that she had passed a restless night, but was then asleep, as well as her husband.

On Sunday, I renewed my visit, and found Monsieur De Beriot in tears, and full of anxiety. He told me that his wife was too unwell to see any one; but on my offering to remain with them, and nurse her, he said he would inform her of my being there. He did so, and I was immediately admitted. She was much affected at the sight of me, and pleased with my offer. My own heart was quite overcome to see this young couple; the admired and caressed, she for whom thousands had assembled, and crowds listened to catch her smallest note, now left alone among strangers; no female friend or relative to soothe, advise, or console. She was

very low-spirited, and said, "Manchester will have my bones." Alas! I little thought at that time she would prove so true a prophetess.

On the arrival of Dr. Belluomini, that evening, her joy was excessive; she threw her arms round his neck: "I am saved! I am saved!" she exclaimed, "he has known me from my youth, and loves me like a child." She wished me to see Dr. Bardsley and Mr. Worthington, her Manchester medical attendants, to thank them, and explain, that as her own physician had come from London, they would excuse her preferring his attendance for the future. "Do not let me see them," she added; "I am fatigued, and shall only commit some extravagance." I went into the sitting-room to these gentlemen, and delivered her message; nothing could be kinder than they were. Mr. Worthington said, "It is very natural Madame De Beriot should prefer her own physician; the cure is sooner effected when the patient has unbounded confidence in her medical adviser."

At nine o'clock in the evening, I returned to my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Shore, of Cheatham Hill, after having arranged with Monsieur De Beriot, that I should defer my journey until I was obliged to accompany my daughter Clara to Worcester, and remain with Madame De Beriot during the day-time, whilst her husband and the doctor were to watch during the night.

On the following morning, (Monday,) I was at my post. What an alteration for the better appeared to have taken place! She had slept during the night, and some of her wonted archness lit up that countenance, usually so beautiful in its playful expression.—"No one would believe this," said her delighted husband, "who had not witnessed the blessed change." She insisted upon the gentlemen taking a walk, and during their absence, refreshed herself by washing, chatting pleasantly all the time.

She never mentioned her husband's talents, or his love for her, but with enthusiasm; declaring herself much improved by his suggestions, and by practising to his accompaniment. Of Lablache she spoke with the warmest admiration and affection: of Clara in the same manner. "I love very few persons," she energetically exclaimed, "but those I do love—I love—" and her eyes beamed with intense devotion and fervour. "You need not be anxious for your daughter," she continued, "she is in the right way—she cannot fail of obtaining the highest rank in the profession, with her voice, and the education she has received." I happened to mention that Miss Kelly had once given me an admirable description of a person belonging to a theatre, so that I felt to know him perfectly, although not in the least acquainted with the man described. "What Miss Kelly do you mean?" she in-

quired, "the great Miss Kelly? Ah! I have no doubt she would describe him admirably. I have seen her in 'The Sister of Charity'; she makes you feel, because she goes to *the truth*; she does not depend upon snippets of ribbon to portray a character." During this conversation, Mrs. Richardson, the mistress of the Moseley Arms, entered to pay her morning visit of a few minutes, when Madame De Beriot made some remarks upon the scandalous reports of her drinking. "They say I drink," she exclaimed, "but should I have kept my voice and appearance, with all the fatigue I have gone through, if I had done so?"—"Such reports," I observed, "generally originate with mean minds which cannot appreciate superior merit, or are envious of it."

"It is of no consequence," she replied; "the public will always judge for themselves: although it is rather hard that talent should be exposed to such illiberal attacks,—no allowance made for public persons exerting themselves to the utmost, and although requiring more indulgence than any other class of persons. I dare say that it will be reported that my illness is all sham."

I begged her not to exhaust herself by so much talking: she smiled and obeyed with the docility of a child. Yet this delightful woman has often been represented as wilful and obstinate: no doubt she was often so in her professional career, with those whose motives she suspected in giving her advice; but her generous nature relied implicitly where she had confidence. That evening the fever returned, and I left her at night, uncertain whether to hope or fear.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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FUNERAL OF MADAME MALIBRAN.

Manchester Collegiate Church, Oct. 1, 1836.

ALL dim and dreary rose, the day—the clouds, in funeral gloom,
Hung black and heavy o'er the path that led thee to thy tomb!
And, like the echo of each heart, the burial knell swept on—
Which told youth, beauty, genius, there, for evermore were gone!

So late the magnet of each gaze, the praise of every tongue,
With all thy poetry of soul—thine eloquence of song:
Since last thy gifted voice we heard, how few brief days have sped!
We saw thee radiant in each charm—we look upon thee dead.

The sear leaves strew the forest-track, the flowers fade 'neath the blast,
But Nature mourns her loveliest flower, in thee for ever pass'd:
The music of her thousand streams—her star-awakening lute—
Unheard may breathe her sweetest song—her richest voice is mute!
And, can it be, or is't some dream, from which I fain would wake?
Some dark delusion of the mind, the morning yet may break?

Ah! never sun for thee may rise, nor light avail to
^{save};
 Morn's sorrowing beams but follow slow and silent
 to thy grave.
 Thy soul that fount of tenderness, the generous and
 dear,
 Which never tale of sorrow heard, without the wish
 to cheer;
 Thy heart to every talent warm, to every grace
 allied,
 Ne'er did it grieve a single breast until the hour it
 died!
 No more Fidelio's tragic woes may touch our after
 years—
 Thy Giulietta win each sense 'mid witching smiles
 and tears;
 No more Medea thrill the frame with love's own
 depth and dread;
 Amint's reign of beauty's o'er—Artois' sweet maid
 is dead!
 Thon nightingale of nations—thou, whose triumphs
 sounding wide,
 Bade list'ning kings enraptur'd laud, led princes to
 thy side;
 Thou, crowned of song, whose regal sway all melody
 obey'd.
 Where are victorious chaplets now for thee in death
 array'd?
 By stranger hands thy head was laid within the
 mournful earth;
 For he who should have loved thee most, as best he
 knew thy worth,
 Who should have watch'd thy latest sigh—have wept
 thy parting breath;
 Oh! not resign'd thee to the grave, without a pang
 like death—
 A sorrow that no future years might change or chase
 away;
 A grief that should have felt thy loss as of the light
 of day;
 A breast where memory should have rear'd thy
 monument of love,
 So pure—thy spirit might have come, and bless'd
 him from above!
 He—oh! to leave to other hands thy pale and lovely
 corse;
 To quit thee!—never had I left by any earthly
 force.
 But not unmoved, unmournful, swept thy funeral
 train along—
 Hearts rose responsive to thy fame, thy genius, and
 thy wrong.
 They laid thee, not unwept, beneath the chancel's
 sacred pile,
 Whilst deep the wailing organ peal'd from cloister'd
 aisle to aisle;
 They saw thee take thy final rest—the dark dust
 round thee frown;
 Then left thee with thy solitude, thy glory, and
 renown
 And higher feelings held their way afar from pall
 or shroud.
 Above an earthly sun or star, beyond the closing
 cloud,
 Where soft thy gentle spirit soars where angel feet
 have trod,
 Before the soul's eternal shrine—the everlasting
 God!
 Literary Gazette.

Spirit of Discovery.

NEW FACTS REPORTED TO THE BRITISH
ASSOCIATION.

(Continued from page 294.)

Sugar from Beet Root.

Mr. Rootsey exhibited specimens of sugar,
malt, and an ardent spirit, which he had ex-

tracted from mangel wurtzel, and considered that this root might, under certain circumstances, be grown to great advantage in this country, for the purposes of manufacturing the above articles. He considered the opinion of its not being liable to injury from the attack of insects, as erroneous, and exhibited specimens of the common turnip fly, *Maltica nemorum*, which he had found feeding upon it. By the selection of particular geographical strata for its culture, the average crop might be increased from 40 or 50 tons to 70 tons per acre. He remarked, that the refuse, after expressing the juice, appeared to be nearly or quite as nutritive to cattle as before; and that, by drying this at a peculiar temperature in the malt-kiln, a material was procured which, in smell, flavour, and other qualities, closely resembled malt; excepting that it was slightly bitter. With this malt an excellent beer had been made. He stated the several opinions which had been formed respecting the different kinds of sugar obtained from the cane, grapes, and other plants, and had found, from numerous experiments, that the analysis of the sugar of grapes was within the average afforded by those of different cane sugars, of which he considered that there existed two distinct kinds. Upon subjecting the sugar from the mangel wurtzel to the same processes as those to which the East India sugars were submitted, he had obtained crystals in no respect different from those of the cane sugar; and he, therefore, considered the two kinds in every respect identical. He considered that the quarter of a cwt. of the malt from mangel wurtzel was equivalent to a bushel of common malt, for the purposes of brewing. The climate best adapted to the growth of the plant, was that of the valleys rather than on the tops of hills, and from computation, he thought that there were in England about 500,000 acres of land favourable to its culture.

Mr. G. Webb Hall stated, that he had been an extensive grower of this plant, and that from experience, he was not prepared to take so sanguine a view of the benefits likely to be derived from its cultivation as Mr. Rootsey. Although crops might occasionally be grown which yielded 60 or even 90 tons per acre, he considered that 40 was above the average. But it was not the case, that the quantity of sugar to be obtained from any crop increased in proportion to the weight of the crop from the same ground; and in France it was found, that one crop of 20 tons would often yield as much as another of 40. In Essex, it had been found, that the plant which before Christmas yielded sugar, would after Christmas furnish only a molasses, incapable of being crystallized. The great difficulty of crystallizing the sugar, arose from the rapidity with which the acetous fermentation took place, and which in our climate it was ex-

trremely difficult to avoid. In the West Indies, the process was accomplished in three days. He considered, that sugar prepared from the mangel wurtzel in England could never compete with that from the cane; and if the manufacture of it were successful in France, it was rather to be attributed to the government regulations, by which it was protected, than to any other cause, even admitting the climate of that country to be more advantageous than that of England for its growth.

Some crystalline fragments of pure white and transparent sugar, resembling sugar caudly, and of considerable dimensions, which had been naturally formed in the flowers of *Rhododendron Ponticum*, were then exhibited to the Section, by Professor Henslow. There is a minute glandular spot near the base, and on the upper surface of the ovarium, from whence exudes a thick clammy juice, which, on desiccation, crystallizes into the substance here mentioned.—*Athenæum*.

Longevity of the Yew-tree.

Mr. Bowman read a communication respecting the Longevity of the Yew-tree; and mentioned the result of his observations upon the growth of several young trees, by which it appeared that their diameters increased, during the first 120 years, at the rate of at least two lines, or the one-sixth of an inch per annum; and that under favourable circumstances the growth was still more rapid. In the churchyard at Gresford, near Wrexham, North Wales, are eighteen yew-trees, which are stated by the parish register for 1726 to have been planted in that year. The average of the diameters of these trees is 20 inches. Mr. Bowman then remarked on two yew-trees of large dimensions, from the trunks of which he had obtained sections. One is in the same churchyard as those above mentioned, and its trunk is 22 feet in circumference at the base, 29 feet below the first branches. This gives us a mean diameter of 1,224 lines, which, according to De Candolle's rule for estimating the age of the yew, ought also to indicate the number of years. From three sections obtained from this tree, Mr. Bowman ascertained that the average number of rings deposited for one inch in depth of its latest growth, was 34½. Comparing this with the data obtained from the eighteen young trees, he estimated the probable age of this tree at 1,419 years. The second of these trees is in the churchyard of Darley in the Dale, Derbyshire, and its mean diameter, taken from measurements at four different places, is 1,366 lines. Horizontal sections from its north and south sides gave an average for its latest increase at 44 rings per inch nearly, which gives 2,006 years as its age, by the mode of calculation adopted by Mr. Bowman. He then proceeded to state his opinion of the reasons why so many old yew-trees

were to be met with in churchyards: he considered that they might have been planted there at a period anterior to the introduction of Christianity, under the influence of the same feelings as those which prompted the early nations of antiquity to plant the cypress round the graves of their deceased friends.—*Ibid*.

Lime on Land.

Mr G. Webb Hall commented on the effects of lime as variously applied to different soils, and considered the general effects of this substance, with respect to its value as calcareous earth, and its septic qualities as facilitating the decay of vegetable matter. In the latter capacity it was found to be most beneficial in a humid climate like that of Devonshire. He pointed to the necessity of a scientific inquiry for the purpose of obtaining more precise information than we yet possessed, as to the requisite proportions in which lime should be furnished to land of different qualities. He had found that less was required, and a greater benefit produced, by employing lime fresh from the kiln, and ploughing it into the ground within twelve hours of its being laid on the surface. He bore testimony to the value of gypsum as a manure for lucerne. Mr. Rootsey was sceptical as to the ill effects so universally attributed to magnesian limestone, and which had been alluded to by Mr. Hall, as he knew an instance where very large crops were obtained from a district, where this rock prevailed.—*Ibid*.

NEW ZEALAND FLAX.

MR. JOHN MURRAY, of Hull, is not only one of the most erudite chemists of the day, but is likewise one of the most ingenious adapters of science to the arts of life. He not only enlightens us with the brilliancy of his chemical experiments, and his various acquirements in natural philosophy; but all his researches are recommended by their direct utility and applicability to every-day convenience: he is ever, as the Royal Institution aspires to be by its motto—*illustrans commodam vitam*. To show the variety of Mr. Murray's studies, let us glance at their published results, which fill seventeen small volumes and pamphlets, being so many little treatises on Chemical Science, Modern Paper, the Silkworm, the Shower Bath and Suspended Animation, Atmospheric Electricity, Hydrophobia, Consumption, Safety from Shipwreck, the Diamond, Nature of Flame, Lightning Conductors, Physiology of Plants, the Truth of Revelation, the Beauties of Switzerland, and, lastly, Phormium Tenax, or New Zealand Flax. Again, these results are presented to the world in a manner as unostentatious as extensively beneficial: they are not printed in costly

volumes; but in low-priced forms, and written in such plain language, that "all who run may read." The author is not puffed up with scientific jargon; his sound sense is not wrapped up in *hard words*; he arrayeth himself not in technicals, neither doth he seek to make others wise by a parade of his own knowledge, as some of our public instructors are wont to do.



(Phormium tenax, or New Zealand Flax.)

Before us lies Mr. Murray's pamphlet on New Zealand Flax, printed on paper made from its leaves: to which are appended some sensible remarks on the bad quality of modern paper. The author observes:—

"By means of the free and unrestricted importation of Phormium tenax, sanctioned and encouraged by the British Government, there would be developed a more direct intercourse with the natives of New Zealand, and with it, a medium for securing to them on a firm and permanent basis the blessings of religion; and civilization and its attendant immunities would follow in her train.

"The cultivation of the Phormium tenax within the confines of Great Britain and its dependencies, or the colonies and islands belonging to the British Empire, seems to me, at least, a question of no little moment, or trifling import. A period may arrive, and that too, at no distant date, when a substitute for Russian hemp may become a desideratum of paramount importance in the policy of this country. 'During the war,' observes Captain Harris, R.N., 'one only, out of our four Royal Rope Yards, paid eleven millions sterling, in fourteen years, to Russia for hemp. This enormous expenditure by Great

Britain,' continues this patriotic and gallant officer, in reference to the cultivation of Phormium tenax, 'for the exclusive benefit of foreign powers is surely unwise and evil policy, when I am prepared to prove that so vast a commerce may be thrown into Ireland, our settlements and colonies; and that thousands of the population of Ireland, the coast of Africa, the East and West Indies, and the Canadas, might be advantageously employed to render the mother country independent for the supply of those substances.'

The plant figured here, Mr. Murray thinks, was first noticed as a native of New Zealand, by Captain James Cook, R.N., F.R.S., in a letter to Mr. Walker, of Whitby, dated 13th September, 1771; and he thus incidentally alludes to it, "The country produceth a grass plant like flax, of the nature of Hemp or Flax, but superior in quality to either;—of this the natives make clothing, lines, nets, &c."

"The Phormium tenax, or New Zealand flax, has, since that period, been more particularly examined and described by Rutherford, Bennet, and others. The generic name of Phormium is derived from the Greek, *phormos*, a basket; descriptive of the use to which it is sometimes applied by the natives; while its specific appellation seems to be characteristic of the tenacity of the fibre. There are two kinds of this plant, and they certainly appear to be sufficiently marked to merit the recognition of different species. In one of these species, the flowers are smaller and their aggregations more numerous than in the other. In the one, moreover, the colour of the flower is yellow, while in the other it is deep red.

"Captain Cook observes that the Phormium tenax grows everywhere near the sea in the vicinity of Queen Charlotte Sound, in the south of the Island; and in some places to a considerable height up the hills, in branches or tufts with sedge-like leaves, and bearing on a long stalk, yellowish flowers, followed by roundish pods, filled with very thin plates, or shining black seeds. Mr. Nicholas saw it in the northern parts of the Island, flourishing equally luxuriantly in the most exposed as in the more sheltered places, and growing from five to seven feet high. Seven varieties have been found in New Zealand: one variety is remarkable for the extreme facility with which the cuticle is separated; and another kind found in more southern parts is distinguished for its softness and silky lustre.

"It does not appear that this plant is exclusively confined to New Zealand, since it was subsequently discovered wild, in considerable tufts, along the cliffs of Norfolk Isle, within the influence of the sea-spray, by Captain Cook, in his second voyage to the southern hemisphere.

"According to Mr. George Bennet

F.L.S., it is called by the natives *Korudi*, and seems to be indigenous to the soil of New-Zealand; it is there considered *sacred* and from a remark made by Captain Cook, appears to have been used, on one occasion, at least, as the symbol of peace and amity."

[Mr. Murray continues:—]

"The *Phormium tenax* succeeds very well with me in Scotland in a light, sandy soil, exposed to the sea breeze;—peculiarities, which seem to verify the circumstances under which it has been reported to occur in Norfolk Isle; and it is sometimes met with in New Zealand, on the slopes of the mountains; where it may reasonably be supposed, the soil is more coarse and friable, than in the plains.

"In general appearance, the *Phormium tenax* somewhat resembles the *flag* or '*seg*' of our meadows and marshes, the *Iris pseudacorus** of botanists; it is, however, taller and more luxuriant, and the foliage altogether of a more erect and graceful port. The leaves are glossy, and of a beautiful green colour, being varnished on their superior surface. The proper period of maturity is indicated by a slit or rent at the tip of each leaf. According to Mr. Bennet, the leaves of the plant, in its native clime, attain a length of from five to seven feet, and the flower-stalk rises four or five feet above them, bearing a profusion of flowers, succeeded by triangular seed-vessels. The seed of the *Phormium tenax* is intensely black and shining; winged and so thin, as to seem little more than a mere lamina or plate; or membranous expansion."

Captain Cook feared this fine plant would never be reared in England; but, adds Mr. Murray, "strange things have come to pass in our days, and what would this intrepid navigator have said *now*, when the *Phormium tenax* is even successfully reared in Scotland, unsheltered by wall or 'bield,' braving the rigorous clime, and sustaining the sea breeze of North Britain; and flourishing as luxuriantly as at 'Norfolk Isle,' his own discovery in another hemisphere. The time, however, is at length come, when a description of this 'fine plant' is printed on paper manufactured from its leaves, promising a papyraceous material more permanent in its duration than any other. The pious missionary has already erected a printing-press in New Zealand; and, hereafter, paper made from a native plant may be the means of facilitating the dispersion of the blessings of Revelation among the people, in the multiplication of transcripts of the sacred volume, in their own tongue, printed on their natal soil.

* The seeds of this plant are an excellent febrifuge, when prepared like coffee, and in taste and flavour can scarcely be distinguished from it. It was brought into notice, several years ago, by Mr. Skrimshire, a medical gentleman of Walsby, where I first met with it at the breakfast-table.

"Hitherto the *Phormium tenax* has been almost exclusively the imprisoned inmate of the green-house or conservatory; though I have seen specimens that have been fully exposed both in England and Ireland. On the west coast of Scotland, I have successfully cultivated the *Phormium tenax*, along the verge of the sea, and the plants have already withstood the ordeal of *seven winters*, without the slightest protection whatever. I am not aware that it has been cultivated in the *open ground* in Scotland by any other individual. It is reared in the Botanic Gardens of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and there is a plant of it in Dr. Neill's garden at Canonmills, near the Scottish metropolis, but I believe all in the hothouses. I presented to the natural history section of the British Association for the Promotion of Science, assembled at Edinburgh, in September, 1834, specimens of the leaves of these plants nearly seven feet long, and more than four inches in their greatest diameter.† Two of my plants were each nearly *four yards* in circumference. The icy breath of winter seems to make no impression on them; indeed the *Phormium tenax* appears to be singularly tenacious of life, and susceptible of resisting opposite extremes of temperature. Some years ago, an extensive conflagration in the *Jardin des plantes*, at Paris, destroyed several conservatories, and their botanical inmates. Among these exotics, there was a plant of *Phormium tenax* which shared the common fate, and seemed reduced to a mass of charcoal; yet from these ashes, a new plant, like a vegetable *Phoenix*, arose, and now lives and flourishes.

"The *Phormium tenax* has rarely flowered in this country, even in the greenhouse, but specimens of its inflorescence exist in the Hortus Siccus of that accomplished botanist, Sir William Jackson Hooker, L.R.S., the distinguished Regius Professor of Botany in the University of Glasgow; and I believe they were obtained from Liverpool. The plant also flowered in the greenhouse of J. Boulton, Esq., of Springfield Knowle, near Birmingham, in June, 1832. The *Phormium tenax* has never yet flowered with me, and I suspect it may, in part at least, be attributed to its luxuriant profusion of leaves; a phenomenon sometimes incompatible with inflorescence and fruit. A specimen cultivated by Freycinet in 1813, was about seven feet high, and carried on one stalk, 109 flowers of a greenish yellow colour."

(To be concluded in our next.) J. L.

† Strips of the leaves, from their flexibility and toughness, I find very useful when employed for the same purposes in the garden, as base-mat, willow, &c., in attaching trees and shrubs to trellis-work or walls.

The Public Journals.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

By Mrs. Crawford.

THERE is not a spot that is more endeared to my recollection than Bristol Hot-wells. 'Tis true, it is associated with many painful and affecting remembrances; yet still, I know of no place where I should better like to end the residue of my days. With every part of that beautiful neighbourhood I am so thoroughly acquainted, that I can picture it as familiarly to my sight as the lovely landscape which at this moment lies before me. The rocks, the lime-walk, leading to the well-house, Brandon Hill, (famed in story,) Clifton, with its magnificent scenery and noble downs, the picturesque tower of Dunderbury, seen in every direction for miles around,—all rise up before me, and with them rise also many of those early friends and gay companions that shared with me the morning walk and moonlight ramble amongst those pleasant haunts.

At the top of the great rock of St. Vincent, once stood a nunnery, dedicated to the saint of that name; and tradition tells, that in those distant days, where the river now winds along, dividing the rocks, with its navigable waters, ran only a little brook, over which the nuns could pass on foot to the opposite side. "Cook's folly" forms a very pretty object from the top of this rock. It is only a solitary tower, but it has its local history, which, though not a very probable one, is somewhat similar to that which attaches to the "Maiden's Tower," on the Bosphorus.

A gentleman, of the name of Cook, (as the tale goes,) was told by one of the divers into futurity that he would die by the bite of a serpent. This prediction, it appears, haunted his mind so much that he determined to prevent its accomplishment, if possible, by building a high tower, in which to seclude himself from all the world. Accordingly, workmen were employed to construct this miniature Babel, which he eagerly took possession of when finished; and there he lived in aristocratic fashion, in a very lonely elevation. As the seer, however, had not taught him how to dispense with food and fuel, he got an old woman to minister to his wants, by ascending a ladder and giving him in at the window, (for door there was none,) the necessities he required. Alas! even this prudent precaution failed to cheat fate of its victim. Amongst some faggot-wood, which his attendant one day brought him, a viper lay cunningly concealed; and, to make our story short, the poisonous reptile, darting from its ambush, attacked and bit the unfortunate hermit, and the prediction was literally fulfilled, to the surprise of the old

woman who witnessed it, and of all other old women who believe it.

Those who are at all acquainted with the localities of Bristol Hot-wells will know, that one of the pleasantest and most frequented spots in that delightful neighbourhood is the romantic little village of Ashton. Many a happy day I have spent amongst its sylvan shades, with friends who have, alas! long since forgotten, in the cold grave, both it and me. Large parties, from Clifton, of the resident inhabitants, together with the occasional visitors for health or amusement, go there to eat strawberries and cream, whole fields of that fruit being cultivated, for the express purpose of supplying the numerous little gardens where the company meet. These truly Arcadian feasts mostly concluded with a dance upon the green-sward to the music of a military band, or in the absence of one, (which rarely occurred,) the harp of some wandering Welsh minstrel, many of those sons of song and poverty being tempted, from its proximity to Wales, to come over to Bristol, where they made a much better profit in the trade of sweet sounds than the half-starved itinerants of our splendid metropolis.

Amongst the friends who more especially endeared these scenes to my memory, there was one family in particular, with which mine lived upon the most intimate terms. Mrs. Lovett and her three sons came to the Hot-wells, for the benefit of the eldest Mr. Lovett's health: and from the intercourse (I might almost add daily,) of two years, which we enjoyed with this estimable family, a very sincere friendship arose between us, which rendered it afterwards a painful task to part; when, on finding that Mr. Lovett's malady was beyond the reach of medical skill, it was deemed advisable that he should return to his native Wales. The disease which was silently undermining his constitution did not, for a long time, give warning of the change, by any external symptom. While, in the very spring of life, he was passing away to the grave, yet looked so robust in figure, and healthy in face, that no one could possibly have divined the wreck that was secretly, but surely, going on within: like a fine tree, whose roots are loosening by some premature but unseen decay, while the green leaves look fresh and beautiful to the eye, till the gathering tempest levels it with the ground.

The family sprang from the Lovetts of Liscombe House, in Buckinghamshire, whose name was anciently spelt De Loveth, or De Loviott. They had come over to this country from Normandy, with the Conqueror, and been rewarded with the grant of large estates. Of the ancient family seat of Liscombe, and the relics of antiquity it formerly contained, I have the copy by me of a curious account, which was

given upwards of a century ago, by the Lady of John Lovett Esq., (a daughter of Viscount Fermanagh,) who paid it a visit shortly after her marriage. As it may be interesting to the reader, I will here transcribe it.

"Soon after my marriage, I rode over to see Liscombe, the ancient seat of my husband's family, being only about twelve miles from my father's. Mr. Lovett, to whom it belongs, not residing at it, allowed Mr. Sandby, a very respectable man, the clergyman of the parish, to live in the house, who received us with great politeness. The mansion is very old and very gloomy, surrounded with high walls and old trees; but it has a venerable appearance. You enter through a great gateway into a court, round which the house and chapel is built. The windows, all of stone, give it more the look of a monastery, than a mansion; but Mr. Sandby, to whom I made the remark, assured me I must not judge from appearances; for though it might have a gloomy outside, there were more joyful faces in it, than in any house in the county, for there were more marriages in Liscombe chapel, than in any three churches in the neighbourhood. From the court you enter the great hall which is a large room, and is entirely covered with old armour. The gentleman assured me, they were particularly curious, and, endeavoured to explain to me their different uses; but I begged to be excused, as I did not intend murdering men. 'Well, madam,' says Mr. Sandby, 'I will show you something, more in your own way, presently.' From thence we proceeded through a variety of long passages, and little rooms, for except the great hall, and the drawing-room over it, which is a large and very handsome apartment, they are all small, but from their numbers must have held a very large family; as Mr. Sandby told me, of all sizes, they were more than fifty. But what with the old tapestry, and the dark-gilt leather furniture, and black oak, (for I believe this family considered paint as great an abomination in their house, as they would on the faces of their wives and daughters,) I never saw any place more calculated to induce one to change this world for another. We came at last to the nursery; and Mr. Sandby directed my attention to a something in a great oak frame over the chimney; but which being in the old black letter, like a church Bible, I could not read a word of. 'That, madam,' says he, 'is the nursery song of the Lovett family, founded on the two characters of the warrior and the lover, which tradition represents as eminently united in William de Lovet,* the founder of this house.' The song is as follows:—

* The historian* describes this William of Normandy "as a man high in favour with the Conqueror,

'May my child be as stout,
May my child be as strong,
And my brave boy love as long,
As Willy of Normandy.'

"From the nursery we proceeded to a little closet, with a thousand locks. Mr. Sandby showed us a chest full of papers and parchments, for many centuries, of this family; and, in my life-time, I never saw anything so beautifully illuminated as some of them were. He said the chest contained as curious a collection of letters as were in the possession of any private family in the kingdom. He said the letters were, in general, from some of the first people in the court of James the First and Charles the First to Sir Robert Lovett; who, from them, appears to have been a man of distinguished abilities. All the letters are upon very important subjects, and those of Charles the First allude particularly to the times. My father was so pleased with the account I gave him, that in a few days he went to Liscombe himself. Upon his return, he said, he was highly entertained: that there were some of the most interesting letters he had ever read, and which put many things in a very different point of view from what he had before seen them.

"Happening, by accident, to find the above memorandum many years after, and Mr. Lovett, to whom Liscombe then belonged, being in England, I took the first opportunity of inquiring after my old friends, the arms and papers at Liscombe; but sorry am I to record their fate. Mr. Lovett said, upon the death of his elder brother, (who died a few months before he was of age,) his mother had ordered some new furniture, which had been put into the house, (as he intended residing there,) to be sold; but, by some unfortunate mistake, the agent had sold the whole, old and new, and that not a trace was remaining. That a blacksmith, who had purchased some of the old armour, declared that he believed it had been made by the devil, for that he could make no use of it. That by an equal degree of inattention, the papers had been all lost. That the chest was left open; and that the only account he could ever receive of them was, that the children had made kites of the letters, and that the tailor of the parish told him, he had cut up many of the parchments for measures, and he believed others had

for his military talents. He is said to have been one of the strongest and stoutest men of the day, of which many feats are still recorded of him; and tradition also represents him as the fondest and most attached of husbands. He married a French lady, at whose death he was so affected, that taking her over into Normandy to be buried, he retired himself into an adjoining monastery, and every day, until the day of his death, paid a visit to her tomb, and prayed and wept over it: but on that day, being unable to move, he caused himself to be carried and laid upon her grave, and there expired. In the family, this was long a nursery story, and gave rise to a nursery song."

done the same; and that there were very pretty pictures at the tops of them, (alluding to the illuminated letters,) which he had given to his child."

The fate of these curious and interesting memorials, of times past, was disastrous and provoking enough: yet what a useful lesson does it furnish for family pride! State secrets, of which the family were proud of being the only repositories, flying through the air, in all the ignominious publicity of a boy's kite; royal grants and appointments, establishing the claims of ancestral dignity, brought down, by the immeasurable ignorance of a parish tailor, to the measure of vulgar clowns: and the beautiful labours of the monks, (the richly illuminated letters,) totally effaced by the dirty fingers of a mischievous village urchin. How much more durable are the honours that virtue bestows upon her children! Man cannot destroy them: they bear the great seal of the Eternal, and are laid up for all time; and, though the tomb that covers the ashes of the good, and the epitaph that commemorates his worth, may become effaced, and moulder away, yet the title-deeds of his inalienable right to a glorious inheritance, are safe in "the chancery of heaven."

Abridged from the Metropolitan.

New Books.

LONDON CHARITIES.

A POCKET volume of unquestionable utility and interest has lately appeared under the following title:—*A Guide to the Charitable and Religious Societies, Hospitals, Dispensaries, and other Benevolent Institutions of London.* The Editor of this "record of active benevolence" is Mr. John Brownlow, of the Foundling Hospital; who, in a few, prefatory remarks, justly considers his little volume as "an evidence that the right of the poor to the sympathy and assistance of the rich, is fully recognised by a large proportion of the community; and that many whose names are honourable in rank and eminent for talent, are equally prominent in the cause of charity." * * Whether in a social or religious view, whether in relation to their effects upon society, or as the test of the prevalence of a sound and scriptural Christianity, these, and the kindred Institutions of this land, deserve the support of the wise and good."

Again, the compiler states the primary design of his work to be to assist individuals who may be interesting themselves on the behalf of the necessitous and helpless, by making them acquainted with the nature of the several public charities of London and its vicinity. The number of such Societies, exclusive of the Charities of the City of London, exceeds two hundred and fifty—a

noble record of the munificent spirit which animates the inhabitants of this great metropolis. It is impossible to reflect upon so gratifying a statement as the above without glorying "in the name of Briton," so distinctive a feature is benevolence in the British character.

The information conveyed in this little volume is brief but sufficiently explanatory; and we believe that its details bear the high recommendation of accuracy. It is very neatly printed, and, to use a commercial term, is as neatly got up.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

By the Countess of Blessington.

[THIS is a fascinating volume—rife with many a charm, yet pointed with many a moral. It abounds with smart and sparkling satire, and "the proper study of mankind," by the most proficient of all students—woman. In the delicate anatomy of the human heart, it has not yet been excelled by any novel of our time; neither has it been but rarely equalled in the cleverness of conveying moral sentiment by the most attractive medium of a narrative. We trace in it all the playful ingenuity of the accomplished authoress, with little or none of that artificial frivolity which has almost reduced a fashionable novel to a bore. It is to be hoped that the fine yet simple lessons before us will not be lost upon the reader, else that will be, of a truth, attempting to saw blocks with a razor. "The Confessions," however, are not the stiff, starched outpourings of a soured mind: they are of pleasanter purpose—to paint in refined colours the folly of wasting life, and the misery attendant upon self-love. In sober sadness he it said, "the Elderly Gentleman" has six loves, in his advances to whom he is perpetually foiled by self-love; and this ruling passion alone leads him to write his Confessions, with no higher aim than his own amusement in endeavouring to establish two facts: namely, that vanity is not solely confined to women; and that all old gentlemen, however improbable it may appear, were once young. Let us hear a few of the Elderly Gentleman's proofs of the latter position:—]

I have been many years absent from England, wandering in search of that yet undiscovered good, "a fine climate;" which, like happiness, for ever eludes the pursuer, though constantly holding out delusive prospects of its attainment. The searchers of *one*, like those of the other, are, in general, confined to the class who, possessed of more wealth than wisdom, make unto themselves an imaginary good; and then set out in weary chase of it.

Blasé with that most fatiguing of lives, a life of pleasure, and suffering under its

never-failing consequences, a mind teeming with *essus*, and a frame weakened by luxurious indulgence, I determined to visit the Continent; and traversed France, Italy, Portugal, and Spais, in the vain belief, that a 'mind diseased,' and worn-out constitution, were to be renovated by the magical air of the south. What its effect might have been I have yet to learn; for I have been nearly frozen by the *bise* in the south of France; enervated almost to annihilation by the sirocco in Italy; reduced nearly to a state of fusion in Sicily; and scorched into a cinder in Spain and Portugal, without having yet discovered the object of my search, a fine climate.

I returned to England after many long and weary years of absence, rather worse in health than when I left it; as the incursions made on my already debilitated constitution, by undue heat, unlooked-for winds, and unwholesome diet, instead of retarding, tended to advance, the effects of that cruel enemy, Time. Wine too sour to admit of its copious use, food too insipid to induce even a gourmand, much less an epicure, to commit an excess, enforce the adoption of *temperance* on those who are the most opposed to it; and *this virtue*, so seldom practised at home, is the whole, the sole, advantage to be derived from a continental residence. Tired of feeding on flour tortured into all the varied forms cycled macaroni, vermicelli, lasagne, tortellini, parpadella, patta di puglia, ravioli, and half a hundred other insipid dishes; and of devouring beccaficos, thrushes, and black-birds, washed down by ungenerous liquors, misnamed wines, I left the Continent; my stomach weakened by unsubstantial sustenance, and my skin seamed by the repeated and vigorous attacks of those murderers of sleep, mosquitoes and sand-flies, that so often destroyed mine, in spite of all the futile aids of Russia leather pillows, and gauze curtains, entitled mosquito-nets; which last more frequently serve to imprison your tormenter with you, than to exclude him.

Returned, thank Heaven! to my native land, I resigned myself a willing victim to all the luxuries it can boast. I offered up whole hecatombs of turtle and venison to appease the wrath of my long-restricted and much-injured appetite; and felt most sensibly that patriotic sentiment so much lauded by poets and orators, denominated *love of country*; which is only another term for the love of its table and fireside. With what a gusto, as the Italians say, did I indulge in old sherry, madeira that had twice crossed the line, and claret such as one never finds out of Great Britain! the thin and acid beverage of the Continent, known by the name of Bordeaux, bearing as little affinity to that excellent wine, as *lachryma christi* does to champagne. With how much more

pleasure did I contemplate an orchard in Herefordshire, and the hop-grounds in Kent, than I had ever experienced in viewing the orange-groves and vineyards of southern climes; and a coal fire was hailed as an old familiar friend is welcomed after a long absence. So much was my *amor patriæ* increased by a return to its comfort, that not even the opaque fog which presented itself, like a dense curtain of pea-soup, to my startled sight, one morning in the November after my return, could disgust or alarm me. I ordered lights, shut out the day, and commanded an extra luxurious dinner. In a few months I was hardly to be recognised, so great was the change produced in my outward man. My white face had become of a rich rubicund hue, making the "erst pale one red:" my lank person, which, on arriving from the Continent, resembled the portraits of "the lean and slippered pantaloon," assumed a portly protuberance; and my feet, those barometers of health, gave indications that good living had produced its certain effect, a severe fit of gout, which soon confined me to the sofa, a resting-place whereunto I am now generally condemned more than half the year.

Change of air having been prescribed for me, I lately proceeded to this country seat of mine, which I have not visited for twenty-five years; and, *pour passer le temps*, as the French say, I have had the drawers of my old *escritoire* brought to my easy chair, and have sought amusement in examining their contents. What piles of letters, in delicate hand writing, tied up with ribands of as delicate die, met my pensive gaze; gentle ghosts of departed pleasures and forgotten pains! What miniatures of languishing blue-eyed blondes, and sparkling piquantes brunettes! What long ringlets of hair of every colour, from the lightest shade of auburne (maliciously called red), to the darkest hue of the raven's wing! What rings, pins, and lockets, were scattered around, with mottoes of eternal love and everlasting fidelity! which eternal love and everlasting fidelity had rarely withstood the ordeal of six months' intimacy. What countless pairs of small white gloves! What heaps of purses, the works of delicate fingers! What piles of fans, the half-authorized thefts of ball-rooms, thefts so gently rebuked and so languidly reclaimed! What knots of riband grasped in the merry dance! What girdles, yielding with blushing, coy delay! With bouquets of faded flowers enough to stock the *hortus siccus* of half the botanists in England! and a profusion of seals, with devices each more tender than the other!

The past, with all its long forgotten pleasures and pains, rose up to my imagination; recalled into life by these *gages d'amour*, which had survived the passions they were meant to foster; but which now so far ful-

filled their original destination, as to make their donors suddenly and vividly present to my memory, as though they had been summoned into a brief existence by the magical wand of a necromancer. The loved—the changed—the dead—stood before me in their pristine charms: and I felt towards each, and all, some portion of long vanished tenderness revive in my breast.—Beautiful sex! soothers in our affliction, and best enliveners in our hours of happiness, all that I have known of joy on earth, I owe to your smiles, to your partiality!

[How beautifully, by the way, is the truth told in this digression:]

How vast is the difference between a passion and a sentiment! The first may be excited for an unworthy object, and in an unworthy mind; by a silly girl for a sillier boy; but the second can only be inspired by a pure woman, and entertained by an honourable man. One of the many distinctions between the two sexes is, that women feel love as a sentiment; while with men, it is a passion: hence, it takes deeper root, and is of longer duration, with them than with us. But, in proportion to our intellectual cultivation, this peculiarity becomes less frequent; for, imagination and refinement once enlisted beneath the banners of love, that becomes sentiment, which otherwise would have been solely passion.

[Again:—]

There is something soothing and delightful in the recollection of a pure-minded woman's affection; it is the oasis in the desert of a worldly man's life, to which his feelings turn for refreshment, when wearied with the unhalloved passions of this work-o'-day world.

[The first love, Louisa Sydney, was one of the fairest specimens of her sex that nature ever formed: her eyes blue as heaven's own cerulean hue, and her cheek, with its delicate tint, resembling the leaf of a newly-blown rose; silken tresses of lightest brown, that wanted over her finely rounded shoulders, descending to a waist, whose exquisite symmetry was unequalled. Hear how the old sinner is interrupted in his recollections of her:—]

What pictures we drew of the future!—love, not in a cottage, because she knew my lot had rendered my home a stately one, but she would have preferred a more humble abode.

"A cottage," has she often said, "overgrown with woodbine, jessamine, and roses, sheltered by a wood, with a clear stream gliding in front of a garden, redolent with flowers; this, dearest Harry, would be my choice."

"And our food, dearest," would I reply, in bantering mood, "should be milk, honey, and curds, with new-laid eggs, and simple fruits."

"Well, such food would amply content

me," would Louisa say, "but you men are always thinking of a good dinner. Yet, would you all be better and happier, because more healthy, if your diet was more simple; but you 'yearn for the flesh-pots,' the green fat of turtle, or the white muscle of venison, the racy juice of Spain's vines, and the iced vintage of France. Ah, Harry, Harry—

These little things, disguise it how you can,
These little things are dear to little man!"

Ye gods, what a twinge that was! it seemed as if a red-hot knitting-needle was shot through my foot; and the exclamation it occasioned brought my blockhead of a servant in, with—"If you please, sir, did you call?"—Did I call! if I had, he would not have been so prompt in his attendance; for, during the last twenty years, I have remarked, that servants rarely come when one *does* require them, and always when one *does not*. Oh! this plaguy gout! how dependent it makes a man feel! for, not only does it "fill all his bones with aches, make him roar," but it impresses him with the agreeable conviction, that if a spark from the fire should by chance be attracted towards his garments, he might be consumed at leisure, unless some servant should arrive to his rescue. Ah! why did I not marry? why not have secured to myself a legitimate, a licensed nurse, whose duty, if not pleasure, it would have been, to have watched the paroxysms of this fearful malady, and to have noted the want of philosophy with which they were endured? People are always so philosophically stoical to the sufferings of their *near* and *dear* relatives, and so ready to accuse them of not bearing the ills to which flesh is heir with becoming equanimity.—Another twinge!—Oh! ye gods, what martyrdom!

Psha, psha, at this rate my confession will never be made. "*Tant mieux*," says my tired, if not tiresome reader. Let me see, where was I? Poor, dear Louisa! we thought not of gout in her day; no, no, nor of the necessity of easy chairs, in which persons are most *uneasily* placed; nor of sofas, reclined on which, a wretch suffers more than on the bed of Procrustes. In her day, I only remembered that I had feet for dancing.—Now, Lord help me, when I look on my swollen and bandaged foot, which resembles a blouted Esquimaux child, I can hardly believe that I ever could have sported "on the light fantastic toe," or "brushed the dew-drops from the grass, at early morn." In Louisa's time, I as little contemplated my present state of purgatory, as I then abandoned myself to the indulgence which has entailed on me these sufferings. The indulgences of the *heart*, then occupied me more than those of the stomach: would that the former had always constituted my enjoyment!

[But the stories of the six loves must be

left to the book itself: as the *second*, Arabella, with the half-imperious, yet winning expression of her sparkling black eyes, which seemed to say, as plain as ever such orbs could speak, "Resist me if you can:" what a profusion of raven tresses fell round that oval face! how rich the sunny tint of her cheek, and the ripe crimson of her lips. The *third* love, Lady Mary Vernon, had soft, melancholy eyes, that seemed as if they were only made to look at the heavens, so sublime yet chastened was their expression; a lofty, expansive forehead, and gently curved raven brows; and an almost transparent paleness of high thought, not disease. The *fourth* love, Lady Elmscourt, was one of the reigning belles of the day, though, as the French would say, *un peu passée*, with a certain air of sentiment, which, if it amounted not quite to melancholy, possessed all the softness and charms which a gentle pensiveness never fails to lend to a handsome woman in the eyes of a man who has known a disappointment of the heart. Lady Elmscourt falls a victim to chagrin in an early marriage; she coquettes with our Elderly Gentleman, who next falls in love with her daughter, Emily, number *five*.]

She might have served as a model for a Hebe: youth and health lending all their charms to a countenance, marked by a perfect regularity of features, joined to a matchless complexion. Eyes blue, and, by her alarm, suffused with tears, convinced me, for the first time, of the truth of the old poetical simile, which compared such eyes to "violets bathed in dew;" lips like divided cherries, and cheeks that shamed the rose, with hair of chestnut brown, emulating the tendrils of the vine, in its wavy, spiral curls, and the softness and gloss of the finest silk in its texture, with gently curved brows, and long eye-lashes, of the darkest hue, completed the picture of the lovely creature who stood before me.

[The sixth love,—]

Miss Villiers was singularly beautiful; a beauty that consisted even more in expression than in features, though hers were nearly faultless. Her eyes were of dark blue; and might have been considered too dazzling, from their constant flashing (no other word can I find to convey their beaming vivacity), had they not been shaded by lashes whose length and jetty hue softened their lustre. Her nose was neither Roman nor Grecian, but, according to my taste, much prettier than either of those classical models; it was what the French call *mignon*, and *un peu retroussé*. Her mouth was small, with full, red lips, as like Suckling's description of those of his mistress as if it had been written for them; and her teeth, those indispensable requisites to beauty, were matchless. The only fault a hypercritical connoisseur in loveliness could have

detected in this charming face, was, that the cheek-bones were rather too high and prominent, hinting that their owner had either Irish or Scots blood in her veins. But even this peculiarity added to the piquancy of her countenance. Her hair was of the darkest shade of brown, and her complexion of the most brilliant and healthful tint.

[What mortal would not have been confounded by such a bevy of beauties as these six loves! Their portraits, by Mr. Parris, will be found in the volume, to which the reader will, doubtless, turn with expectations of delight, which, we augur, will be realized.]

The Gatherer.

Henry Kirke White's Tree.—The following animated description of the scenery round Winterringham, is extracted from one of Henry Kirke White's letters to his friend Mr. B. Maddock of Nottingham. It is dated August, 1804. "Winterringham," he says, "is indeed now a delightful place, the trees are in full verdure, the crops are browning the fields, and my former walks have become dry underfoot; which I have never known them to be before. The opening vista from our churchyard, over the Humber, to the hills and receding vales of Yorkshire, assume a thousand new aspects. I sometimes watch it at evening, when the sun is just gilding the summits of the hills, and the lowlands are beginning to take a browner hue. The showers partially falling in the distance, while all is serene above me; the swelling sail rapidly falling down the river, and not least of all,—the villages, woods, and villas on the opposite bank sometimes render this scene quite enchanting to me." During the few hours that Kirke White allowed himself for relaxation, one of his favourite pursuits was to stray along the banks of the Humber, and there contemplate the beauties of nature, of which he was so ardent an admirer. He frequently directed his footsteps to the village of Whitton, distant from Winterringham about two miles. This place seems to have been generally resorted to by him; and on the sands there, until very lately, stood his favourite tree, whereon he had cut "H. K. W., 1805." An engraving of this tree was given in the *Mirror* (vol. xxvii. p. 161); and since that publication, the tree, which might have withstood a little longer the storms of the elements, has been cut down by the woodman's axe. But, in veneration for the respected memory of our Nottinghamshire poet, the initials have been carefully taken from the tree, and are now placed as a curiosity in an elegant gilt frame!—From *Andrew's His-*

* The lines "Don't you see," were not cut upon the tree engraved in our Miscellany, but upon another tree higher up the bank.

tory of Winterion and the adjoining Villages,—a very interesting little volume, published at Hull.

The late Alderman Waithman.—At the west entrance of St. Bride's Church, Fleet-street, a white marble tablet has been lately erected to the memory of Mr. Alderman Waithman, with the following inscription:—

Sacred
to the memory of
ROBERT WAITHMAN,
Alderman of this Ward,
and in five parliaments
one of the representatives
of this great metropolis;
the friend of liberty
in civil times;
and of parliamentary reform
in its adverse days:
It was, at length, his happiness
to see that great cause triumphant,
of which he had been the intrepid advocate
from youth to age.
With the patriotic virtues
his life furnished a bright example
of the domestic;
and he carried with him to the grave
the love of his family,
the esteem of his friends,
and the respect of his fellow-citizens.
He died 6th February, 1833,
aged 69 years.

Authorship.—Reader, if thou art not an author, resolve never to be one. Of all parts that we can play in this world, that of an honest author is the most dangerous. It were better for an honest man never to write. I look upon it as a thing impossible for a man to write honestly and not give offence. After the offence is taken comes the retort—the revenge: a passage misquoted, a fact misstated, and a thousand other petty annoyances. Sometimes the same attack, clothed in various language, defiles half a dozen different periodicals. Honesty has no remedy for this; it cannot wield the same weapons.—*Entomological Magazine.*

A dear Book.—The Duke of Marlborough gave the large sum of 2,400*l.* for a single copy of an edition of Boccaccio, printed by the celebrated Valdarfer. J. H. F.

To prevent Mouldiness.—The *Mucor Mucedo*, a species of fungus, is a very common sort of mould on stale bread, paste, melted butter, &c., to which articles it often proves injurious. "It may, therefore, be useful to know," says Dr. Macculloch, "that mouldiness may be prevented, in almost any article, by the application of perfumes, such as those of the essential oils, cloves, pepper, turpentine, &c."—*Edinburgh Phil. Journ.* J. H. F.

Romantic Disinterestedness.—Dr. Burney, in his tour, when speaking of the once celebrated Signora Tesi, records a very remarkable instance of disinterestedness, in her refusing a splendid offer of marriage. The means, also, which she adopted, to deprive herself of the power of yielding to her lover's

solicitations, were not less singular. He says, "the great singer Signora Tesi, who was a celebrated performer upwards of fifty years ago (1773), lives here (Vienna). She is now more than eighty, but has long quitted the stage. She has been very sprightly in her day, and yet is at present in high favour with the Empress Queen. Her story is somewhat singular. She was connected with a certain Count, a man of great quality and distinction, whose fondness increased to such a degree, as to determine him to marry her: a much more uncommon resolution in a person of high birth on the continent than in England. She tried to dissuade him; enumerated all the bad consequences of such an alliance; but he would listen to no reasoning, nor take any denial. Finding all remonstrances vain, she left him one morning, went into a neighbouring street, and addressing herself to a poor labouring man, a journeyman baker, said she would give him fifty ducats if he would marry her: not with a view to their cohabiting together, but to serve a present purpose. The poor man readily consented to become her nominal husband; accordingly, they were formally married: and when the Count renewed his solicitations, she told him, it was now utterly impossible to grant his request, for she was already the wife of another: a sacrifice she had made to his fame and family."—*Musical World.*

Marriage.

It is an anxious happiness,—it is a fearful thing.
When first the maiden's small, white hand puts on
the golden ring;
She passeth from her father's house unto another's
care;
And who may say what troubled hours, what sor-
rows wait her there?
Ah! love and life are mysteries, both blessing and
both blest;
And yet how much they teach the heart of trial and
unrest.—*L. E. L.* in *Friendship's Offering*; for
further extracts see *Spirit of the Annuals*
for 1837: in a SUPPLEMENT published with
the present Number.

Epitaph on Thomas Palmer, formerly in Snodland church, but now obliterated: he died in 1407:—

Palmer at our ladens were—
I, a Palmer, lived here,
And travell'd till, worn with age,
I endyd this world's pilgrymage
On the blyst Assention day,
In the cheerful month of May,
A thousand with fowre hundred seven;
And took my jorny hense to Heven.—*L.P.S.*

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